

The Bourbon News

Established 1861—32 Years of Continuous Publication.

SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

(Entered at the Paris, Kentucky, Postoffice as Mail Matter of the Second Class.)

One Year...\$2.00—Six Months...\$1.00 Payable in Advance.

Published Every Tuesday and Friday

ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements, \$1.00 per inch for first time; 50 cents per inch each subsequent insertion.

Reading Notices, 10 cents per line each issue; reading notices in black type, 20 cents per line, each issue.

Cards of thanks, calls on candidates, obituaries and resolutions, and similar matter, 10 cents per line.

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Space is a newspaper's stock in trade and source of revenue.

BANDIT AND POLICEMAN VICTIMS OF TRAGEDY.

BANDIT ROBS BANK.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 18.—The police to-day are searching for the \$13,100 obtained by Frank G. Hohl, automobile bandit, from the two banks he held up and robbed Thursday before he was mortally shot in a pistol duel with three police officers.

Patrolman Edward Knaul, the policeman shot by Hohl, was operated on early to-day, but the attending physicians held out very little hope for his recovery.

Hohl's body still lies unclaimed at the city hospital. His wife, Mrs. Bertha Hohl, who was arrested last night, declared she would not claim the body. She denied knowing anything about the robberies, saying she even was ignorant of the fact that Hohl had been in the city.

Mrs. Hohl said her husband left her more than a year ago because she would not take an active part in his career of crime.

The life of Hohl, who was a notorious automobile bandit, ended Thursday following a three hours' career, which included the robbing of two Cincinnati banks, the theft of an automobile, and a pistol duel with policemen, which ended with the almost certainly fatal wounds to one officer and the death of the bandit.

Thirteen thousand and one hundred dollars are missing as the result of the bank robberies and the police are confident that Hohl in his wild auto drive managed to pass this money along to some confederate.

POLICEMAN DIES.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 18.—3 p. m.—Policeman Edward Knaul, who was shot by Frank G. Hohl, the automobile bandit, while trying to arrest the latter yesterday after two banks had been robbed, died at the hospital to-day from pistol wounds received in the duel with Hohl. Knaul was shot four times. The police were busy to-day searching for another woman whom they believe was the bandit's confederate and to whom they think he managed to give the \$13,000 that he obtained from the two banks.

LUKE MCLUKE SAYS.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The quickest way to go broke is to try to get rich quick.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to play "cats" and do "dogs" in poker?

The Hi Cost of Living was only a pup in the days when a household was awakened every morning by the music of a coffee grinder.

Every woman dresses to please other men and to displease other women. A man can have a face like a Cubist puzzle and yet the woman he is good to will think he is handsome.

Marriage may be a lottery to the girls under 25. But to the older girls it is a grab bag.

The trouble with the man who is always thinking about his own achievements is that he isn't talking about ours.

You never realize how dangerous a thing a little learning is until you hear some girls trying to play the piano.

Another pretty safe bet is that you will not get into much trouble if you let the other man do all the thinking.

What has become of the old-fashioned umbrella that used to have a tag on the inside with the inscription: "Stolen From John Jones?"

A grouch is a man who can eat heartily when a pretty girl is watching him.

Daughter gets the backache if she has to peel a few potatoes for Mother. But she can dance the Chicken Flip for five hours and holler for more.

ORANGES BY THE BOX.

Call early and get the size you want. C. P. COOK & CO.

CHRISTMAS DON'TS

Don't put off your shopping until the last minute—DO IT NOW.

Don't waste time in buying haphazard.

Don't let impulse lead you to choose inferior articles or to pay high prices.

Shop early—early in the morning, if possible, and plan your Christmas lists in advance.

Sit down with the Bourbon News in your hand, run your eye over the advertising pages and make your plans accordingly.

The advertising will not only give you many splendid suggestions, but it will also post you as to the best place to buy—among the News' advertisers—"the home folks."

WAR AS A BUSINESS

Impressions of Visitor to German Great Headquarters.

Campaign Conducted With the Efficiency of a Great American Corporation—New Steel Hospital Trains Perfectly Appointed.

London.—A newspaper correspondent writing from Luxembourg says:

I have just returned from the German great headquarters in France, the visit terminating abruptly on the fourth day, when one of the Kaiser's secret field police woke me up at seven o'clock in the morning and regretfully said that his instructions were to see that I did not oversleep the first train out. The return journey along one of the German main lines of communication—through Eastern France, across a corner of Belgium, and through Luxembourg—was full of interest, and confirmed the impression gathered at the center of things, the great headquarters, that this twentieth century warfare is in the last analysis a gigantic business proposition which the board of directors (the great general staff) and the 36 department heads are conducting with the efficiency of a great American business corporation.

The west-bound track is a continuous procession of freight trains—fresh consignments of raw material, men and ammunition, being rushed to the firing line to be ground out into victories.

Our fast train stops at the mouth of a tunnel, then crawls ahead charily, for the French, before retreating, dynamited the tunnel. One track has been cleared, but the going is still bad. To keep it from being blocked again by falling debris, the Germans have dug clean through the top of the hill, opening up a deep well of light into the tunnel. Looking up, you see a pioneer company in once cream-colored, now dirty-colored, fatigue uniforms still digging away and terracing the sides of the big hole to prevent slides. Half an hour later we go slow again in crossing a new wooden bridge over the Meuse—only one track as yet. It took the German pioneers nearly a week to build the substitute for the old steel railway bridge, dynamited by the French, whose four spans lie buckled up in the river.

Further on a variety of interest is furnished by a squad of French prisoners being marched along the road. Then a spot of anthill-like activity where a German railway company is at work building a new branch line, hundreds of them having pickaxes and making the dirt fly. It looks like home—all except the inevitable officer (distinguished by revolver and fieldglass) shouting commands.

The intense activity of the Germans in rebuilding the torn-up railroads and pushing ahead new strategic lines is one of the most interesting features of a tour now in France. I was told that they had pushed the railroad work so far that they were able to ship men and ammunition almost up to the fortified trenches. The Germanization of the railroads here has been completed by the importation of station superintendents, station hands, track-walkers, etc., from the Fatherland.

Now we creep past a long hospital train, full this time, which has turned out on a siding to give us the right of way—perhaps thirty all-steel cars, each fitted with two tiers of berths, eight to a side, 16 to a car. Every berth is taken. One car is fitted up as an operating room, but fortunately no one is on the operating table as we crawl past. Another car is the private office of the surgeon in charge of the train. He is sitting at a big desk receiving reports from the orderlies. During the day we pass six of these splendidly-appointed new all-steel hospital trains, all full of wounded. Some of them are able to sit up in their bunks and take a mild interest in us. Once, by a queer coincidence, we simultaneously pass the wounded going one way and cheering fresh troops going the other.

UNEARTH A 60-FOOT LIZARD

Workmen on State Highway Find Unusual Petrified Specimen in Colorado.

Denver, Colo.—What is believed to be the remains of a prehistoric petrified lizard of the dinosaurian period has been unearthed here by workmen employed on the state highway between Frankfort and Elizabeth, in Douglas county. The giant specimen, which in life was fully sixty feet in length and was in type half animal and half reptile, is believed to be preserved in its entirety, according to word received by State Highway Commissioner T. J. Ehrhart.

The mammoth petrification rests on a formation of sandstone and is beneath a layer of rock containing streaks of onyx. This suggests aquatic life.

Swordfish Was Menace.

San Francisco.—Fishermen towed into port a formidable submarine which they captured 35 miles out of the Golden Gate. It was hovering in the offing, a menace to navigation and flying no national colors. The submarine is a swordfish, probably the largest of the few that have ever been captured in these waters. It measures, including its four-foot sword, a dozen feet. It weighs over four hundred and fifty pounds.

HOPELESS FOR ANY MAN TO ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE THE WAR, SAYS COBB

It Is Too Big to Be Reported in Words and the Writer Is Simply Overwhelmed by the Immensity of It—Most Appalling Scenes Not Those of the Battlefields, But of the Base Hospitals—No Picturesqueness in the Struggle.

By IRVIN S. COBB,

Special War Correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post.

New York.—Irvin Cobb, war correspondent and humorist, has brought back with him from the battlefields of Belgium and northern France the chief impression that it is hopeless for any man to attempt to describe the war. The English language cannot do it, he says, nor any other language, and it is interesting to hear Cobb, who is one of the best reporters who ever covered a story, tell why this war cannot be written.

"We have used up all our adjectives on five-alarm fires, gang-murders, Slocum disasters, political conventions," Cobb said to a reporter of the New York Evening Post. "We haven't got anything left for such a war, and it seems pitifully inadequate to fall back on the stock phrases. It's too big to comprehend. You start out in the morning with the best intentions of grasping the facts of events and writing a bully story, and you come home in the evening dazed and brow-beaten. There never has been anything like it. Here you get a Gettysburg for breakfast, a Chancellorsville for lunch, Waterloo for supper, and, to make a good measure, they throw in a Sedan around tea-time.

"It is simply impossible, for instance, to tell how a hundred thousand men died. You can't write it, and the people who read it couldn't realize the horror of it. They would be too staggered, too amazed by the proportions of the statement. What you can do, though, is to pick out the story of how one man died, and tell that, making him typical of the hundred thousand or the million or whatever the figures may be. As for casualties, I'm convinced they have been much greater than any of the combatants has admitted. I should not attempt to guess them, because it would be absurd to hazard a venture in figures so large. You could only approximate it by hundreds of thousands.

The Track of an Army.

One thing that impressed me was the way in which you become habituated to the terrible side of war. The first time I saw Germans enter a captured town, I thrilled all over; the first time I saw a dead soldier I felt that I could write a whole story around that one fact. But after a little time I found that the most distressing scenes of ruin, death and desolation made very little concrete impression upon me. As a matter of fact, one dead man is a great deal more distressing than several hundred or a thousand, and the most appalling scenes I witnessed were not those on the battlefields, but in the base hospitals where poor chaps were dying out of sound of the guns.

"Anyhow, the worst thing about a battlefield isn't how it looks, but how it smells—the awful stench of unburied bodies, of stale gunpowder fumes, of human sweat, of rotting corn, of damp, ruined houses. That is the way it affected me: Yet it is remarkable how efficiently nature works to cover up the traces of war. Visit the same scene a few weeks later, and you'll find grass growing in the ruts made by the cannon, new foliage burgeoning on trees that were stripped bare, and most of the disagreeable traces of death removed. It takes very little time for nature to obliterate the track of an army.

"Even so, however, I am convinced that the after-effects of this war will be incalculable. I should not care to try to estimate the time it will take the winner to recover from it; 50 years is a moderate guess and means comparatively little except in a suggestive sense. The loser, I am convinced, will scarcely ever recover from it. Belgium, it is true, is simply the wreck of a land today, but I am inclined to believe the Belgians will rehabilitate themselves a great deal faster than people think. Theirs is a fecund little country; their houses are all of stone, and even those burned as a general rule have walls and gable-ends still standing."

Mr. Cobb dismissed the question of atrocities.

Investigated Atrocity Stories.

"The party of newspaper correspondents I was with made a careful investigation of every atrocity story that reached us," he said. "They were almost invariably false, and in the few cases that were true, exaggeration was the rule. This applies to the stories told by the Belgians of the Germans and by the Germans of the Belgians and French. Of course, when you take any large body of men, whether in war or in peace, you will find among them a certain percentage of defectives and degenerates. We have atrocities in New York city, so far as that is concerned. I am convinced that there has been nothing unusually brutal about the conduct of this war—at least, in the way of atrocities. War, itself, is absolutely brutal. There is no picturesqueness about it.

"I have relegated the atrocity story to the limbo that contains the bayonet-charge story. I saw several hundred

thousand German soldiers, many of them wounded, and thousands of Belgian, French and English prisoners, many of them also wounded; and besides this I talked to doctors, who, themselves, had attended to thousands of wounded. I did not see a single bayonet-wound, and I did not hear of any men who had been wounded by bayonets. While I was in England early in the campaign, one soldier was sent back from France with a bayonet-wound, but it came out that he had been hurt accidentally by falling on a comrade's bayonet. Neither did I hear of any lance-wounds. Aside from the early days of the war, there has been very little cavalry-charging, I think. Most of the wounded we saw had been hit by shrapnel."

Need of Censorship.

The talk turned to the censorship and its merits and defects.

"If one side or the other ever gets the jump—gets it decidedly and indisputably," remarked Mr. Cobb, "I believe you will see that side let up on the censorship. They will issue a general invitation to the press to come on over and watch us eat up this fellow." Of course, I may be wrong, but I shouldn't be surprised if this happened. As for the censorship itself, I am ready to concede the need for a rigid supervision of the news in these days of rapid transmission of information. But I can't see why the combatants should be unwilling to allow newspaper men at the front to send back the descriptive stuff which is what the public cares for most, after all. I believe that if more of this stuff could be written, it would tend to increase patriotism and recruiting.

"It's a hackneyed subject, to be sure, but I am glad to say that the war correspondent as he has been known, the professional war correspondent, you understand, has been knocked out. There is a lot of talk about the glories that used to be his; how he consulted with generals, and had his tent pitched beside the field marshal's, and rode the best horse in the army, and always knew what was going to happen. Personally I think this is all wrong. He probably was allowed to come along on sufferance, and because they had no wireless in those days, and telegraph lines were scarce, he had a great deal more liberty of action than he came to have later on. But when all is said and done, the so-called war correspondent hasn't any place in the work. Covering a war is just the same kind of work as covering a big fire or any disaster. It calls for reporting, and ability to do the things that reporting entails—assembly of the concrete facts and the writing of them in lucid, terse language. If I were a newspaper proprietor, and I had to cover a war, I should simply call up my best reporters and send them out. And they would do the work a great deal better than professional war correspondents."

Saw No 42-Centimeter Guns.

"Did you see any of the 42-centimeter guns in action?"

"No. We saw the 21-centimeters on the Aisne and before Antwerp, but we never saw the 42-centimeters. We did hear a great deal about the moral effect these big guns had, though. Surgeons told us they had cases of men who were not hit, but who suffered complete nervous breakdown simply from the shock of the explosion of the big shells. It's odd the effect that war has on nervous temperaments. Alphonse Courlander, who was Paris correspondent of the London Daily Express, went all to pieces and died from nervous breakdown brought on by the stress and horrors all around him.

"Odd, wasn't it? And Courlander had been correspondent in several other wars, in which he had been actually under fire, so it was not a new sensation to him. I suppose it was just the appalling, awful bigness of this greatest of human tragedies. It doesn't matter how much you talk about this war, or what phase you take up; in the end you come around to the starting point, the inconceivable immenseness of it. No man can grasp it all. No man can take in completely the horrors, the splendors, the suffering, and the glory of it. I saw the German army that attacked the British, at Mons, marching through Brussels, hundreds of thousands of men, hour after hour, day and night. But I could not convey an adequate impression of that sight to you. It is impossible. I have an impression looked up inside me, but I shall never be able to give it to others. Nobody could. It was like all the other events in this war—beyond the power of one man's brain to comprehend."

84 Members of Landtag Fighting.

Berlin.—The statistical bureau of the Prussian diet has issued a list of members of the "Landtag" now fighting in the German army. The list contains 45 members of the conservative party, ten of the liberal-conservative, 12 of the center, 16 of the national-liberal and one of the progressive party.



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L. & N. TIME TABLE

EFFECTIVE OCTOBER, 18, 1914.

TRAINS ARRIVE FROM

NO.	134 Lexington, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	5:23 a. m.
34 Atlanta, Ga., Daily	5:30 a. m.	
30 Cincinnati, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	7:35 a. m.	
7 Maysville, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	7:38 a. m.	
16 Rowland, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	7:36 a. m.	
40 Lexington, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	7:40 a. m.	
37 Cincinnati, Ohio, Daily	7:40 a. m.	
12 Lexington, Ky., Daily	10:10 a. m.	
33 Cincinnati, Ohio, Daily	10:15 a. m.	
6 Lexington, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	12:00 p. m.	
9 Maysville, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	3:15 p. m.	
138 Lexington, Ky., Daily	3:26 p. m.	
38 Knoxville, Tenn., Daily	3:28 p. m.	
5 Maysville, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	5:45 p. m.	
39 Cincinnati, Ohio, Daily Ex. Sunday	5:55 p. m.	
8 Lexington, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	6:18 p. m.	
22 Jacksonville, Fla., Daily	6:30 p. m.	
14 Lexington, Ky., Daily	10:35 p. m.	
31 Cincinnati, Ohio, Daily	10:40 p. m.	

TRAINS DEPART FOR

NO.	34 Cincinnati, Ohio, Daily	5:35 a. m.
30 Cincinnati, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	6:20 a. m.	
10 Maysville, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	7:45 a. m.	
40 Cincinnati, Ohio, Daily Ex. Sunday	7:45 a. m.	
7 Lexington, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	7:47 a. m.	
137 Lexington, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	9:43 a. m.	
37 Knoxville, Tenn., Daily	9:46 a. m.	
133 Lexington, Ky., Daily	10:18 a. m.	
23 Jacksonville, Fla., Daily	10:20 a. m.	
6 Maysville, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	12:05 p. m.	
13 Lexington, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	12:05 p. m.	
39 Cincinnati, Ohio, Daily	3:30 p. m.	
39 Lexington, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	3:35 p. m.	
9 Rowland, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	6:00 p. m.	
32 Cincinnati, Ohio, Daily	6:02 p. m.	
5 Lexington, Ky., Daily	6:35 p. m.	
8 Maysville, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	6:30 p. m.	
131 Lexington, Ky., Daily	10:30 p. m.	
31 Atlanta, Ga., Daily	10:35 p. m.	

F & C. TIME-TABLE

TRAINS ARRIVE FROM

NO.	2 Frankfort, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	7:38 a. m.
4 Frankfort, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	5:50 p. m.	

TRAINS DEPART FOR

NO.	1 Frankfort, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	8:25 a. m.
3 Frankfort, Ky., Daily Ex. Sunday	6:25 p. m.	

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(nov24-5t-Tus)

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to chew tobacco in school and used his high-top boots as cuspidors?

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Both Phones 533.